

Sweet Norine

It was fast nearing that mystical hour, Christmas Eve. The scene is the little hamlet of Hadley, far out upon the plains of the recent State of Washington, some forty miles or more from Spokane, accessible only by stage across the mountains in summer weather, and quite buried from the world from the time the first snow fell until the rays of the following spring's warm sunshine removed it, thus giving relief to the snowbound villagers.

All day long, on this day which was to be remembered, it had been snowing hard; a northeast wind blowing fierce and keen was piling the snow ruthlessly about in huge drifts, especially over the one road which led over the mountains toward Spokane. The serpentine trail was quite lost in the labyrinth of whiteness, even had not the oncoming dusk lent it aid to hide it from view.

The hour was so early that, despite the deepening gloom, no homes had as yet been lighted, save one, a large rambling stone house that stood quite by itself, shut in by a high stone wall—at the farthest end of the village. For the first time in twenty years the darkness and silence of this house were broken; every window was brilliantly illuminated.

The storm which came sweeping through the mountain gorge was so terrific that not one of the villagers had ventured beyond the genial glow of his own fireside and thus become aware of the wonderful spectacle.

The expression "wonderful" is quite correct, for it would have seemed more than that to the inhabitants of Hadley.

Mrs. Frances Harrison, the owner and inhabitant, had not stepped beyond the portals of the old stone house for many a long year—never since the hour her lovely young daughter, upon whom she had built such hopes, had eloped and wedded a young man of the village, whose only fortune was two willing hands, strong and anxious to work, and a great, big loving heart.

Exactly two years after the fair young daughter had left the lonely stone house, she returned, a girl of twenty, her night to show her haughty old mother the fair, smiling little one that had come like a sunshine into her life.

No one ever knew what passed between mother and daughter, for, hearing of the well-known ring, Mrs. Harrison went to the door herself. There was the sound of high, angry words in the mother's voice, and sobbing, pitiful ones in the daughter's.

The mistress of the great stone house turned the girl from her door, sending her back from whence she came, even in the teeth of the awful storm that was raging.

The next morning the body of the hapless young mother was found stiff and cold in death, with the white, drifted snow for a winding sheet. Her last act had been to take the shawl from about herself and wrap the babe within it.

A little one lived, despite its nearness to death's threshold. The proud old mistress of the great stone house heard the pitiful story without the moving of a muscle, save that her face grew harder and grimmer.

She gave orders to the old servants that the child should never be admitted to her presence, not even if she lay dying, but she might have spared them that admonition, for the child never troubled her in all the years that followed.

The reclus of the old stone house had a lonely enough life of it with the two old retainers, who, with herself, formed her household.

One late year she had become an invalid—either fancied or real—and had taken to her bed. When that catastrophe befell her, the old servant made the mistake of her life by asking if the granddaughter might be sent for.

Frances Harrison fell into a rage so alarming that the old servant was literally terrified. She was warned under pain of instant dismissal never to make the mistake of making a similar suggestion again. Old Esther knew by that time that her mistress's heart was harder and stonier than ever.

On that occasion old Esther was also informed that the girl she had so unthinkingly reminded her of should never inherit one dollar of the Harrison money.

"My will is already made," Mrs. Harrison announced, "and I will tell you this much: My fortune in its entirety goes to my nephew by adoption. He is being educated at Yale—a great Eastern college—with half concealed, looked after by my mistress, and the other half, as she had said to herself: 'Ah! this dashing hand which she had received regularly from the far east. And here came a day mistress. On opening the casing it was found to be a large crayon portrait, finely executed, of a young and handsome man.

"Ah, this is Clifford Carlisle," she cried, excitedly, "is he not a young fellow to be proud of, Esther?"

The old servant had looked long and earnestly at the pictured face. Yes, the face was certainly handsome, but she told herself that it was not a good one; there was an expression in the dark eyes that warned those who were keen, careful judges of human nature to beware, and the lips which the curling moustache half revealed, half concealed, looked cruel; yet, for all that, the portrait was an excellent one, revealing, as he was in life—faithfully, darkly handsome, like some young prince of royal blood.

Mrs. Harrison had the picture hung where she could feast her eyes upon it at all times. And after that, long, thick, closely written letters flew faster than ever back and forth.

thousand more. He has secured it through a close college chum for that. The selling price to any one else on earth would positively be one hundred thousand dollars, Clifford assures me."

"Have you ever seen the mine, ma'am?" asked Esther.

"No; but Clifford has seen and examined carefully all the maps," she replied, quickly and confidently.

"I wouldn't like to pay out a great fortune for something I hadn't seen or wasn't likely to see," declared Esther, which remark so angered her mistress that she was never taken into her confidence again.

But after that she would see a thoughtful, not troubled, look on Mrs. Harrison's face. It was always after a letter from the so-called nephew had been received, and she would soon after be ordered to draw her mistress's desk close to the bedside, and old Esther knew by that that she had a call from the East for another cheque to go into the gold mine. This occurred so often that old Esther was not surprised that her mistress grew nervous and had some difficulty in getting to sleep at night.

One day she announced briefly to Esther:

"I have advertised for a young girl to come here as companion to me, and have selected, I think, a competent person—Miss Florence Austin. The young lady will be here to-day."

This announcement nearly took old Esther's breath away. It had been so many years since a stranger had crossed that threshold.

Night came and with it Miss Florence Austin.

Old Esther had expected to see a timid, blue-eyed, gentle little creature. Such she had imagined from the name. Instead, she beheld a tall young woman with a face so like the little painted wax dolls with their flaxen hair and pink and white faces, that were in the Hadley shop windows at Christmas time, that she could not for the life of her judge whether she was twenty or thirty.

But at first glance honest Esther did not take to the lovely stranger. She could not have told why. Miss Austin had not been an inmate of the old stone house for a fortnight ere she had ingratiated herself completely in Mrs. Harrison's good graces. She learned many of the family secrets, that the handsome young man whose portrait graced the case in her mistress's bedchamber was the one she had loved, and she learned, too, that she was expected at Christmas to pay her a long-promised visit.

Miss Austin had no desire to wander beyond the grounds of the old stone house; she never went into the village. This she pleased Mrs. Harrison that one day she cried, enthusiastically:

"You are a jewel of a girl, my dear. I do wish that you and Clifford would fall in love with each other when he comes. I should further the match in every way possible."

"Oh, dear Mrs. Harrison!" she had murmured, in apparent dismay. "So handsome and brilliant a young man—who is to inherit such great wealth—never look at a poor companion like me."

But, for all that, Miss Austin had long since made up her mind to wed Mrs. Harrison's handsome heir.

She had never heard of the existence of the disowned young granddaughter.

CHAPTER II.

The eventual day had rolled around at last. Since early morn Miss Austin had been in a fever of expectancy, though her calm manner in no way betrayed it. She counted the hours secretly and silently, but with no less anxiety than Mrs. Harrison did. The noon bell rang and she went to the window and stood at the window and wait and watch for the coming of the heir.

Miss Austin had spent more time than ever before in her room that afternoon, and when she emerged from it she looked more than ever like the wax doll in the shop windows, to which old Esther always compared her.

She had taken one long, lingering glance into the narrow, old-fashioned mirror on the wall, and she turned away. Evidently the critic of her own reflection she gazed upon satisfied her.

"I think you will win the goal of your ambition, Edith Jennings—or Florence Austin, as they are pleased to know and call her—the heiress of the Harrison money," she murmured to herself. "When I see it, the advertisement of the wealthy, lonely old lady who wanted a companion, you said to yourself: 'Ah, here is an opportunity which might pay better than being a circus performer.' I will secure that position and entwine myself so completely around the old woman's heart that she will make a will leaving me her fortune, and it shall not be long after that ere I shall come into possession of it."

"Well, since coming, my plans have changed a trifle. I still intend to have the Harrison money, but, in addition, I intend to wed the handsome man with whose pictured face I fell in love at first. I am certain it is expected here this Christmas Eve—say, within the hour. If he falls in love with me, all will be well; if he does not, let him beware; he shall never live to wed and give this Harrison wealth, on which I have set my heart, to another."

Her reverie was cut short by the sound of Mrs. Harrison's bell ringing very impatiently, and she turned abruptly from the mirror and glided into the adjoining apartment.

"My dear Florence, why are you not at the window to wish and wait for me of my nephew's approach?" she exclaimed, fretfully and irritably, adding: "I—I am so nervous—so anxious about him."

"I am sorry to have caused you one impatient moment, my dear Mrs. Harrison," said Miss Austin, in her low, smooth, musical voice as she took up her position at the window. "You shall know when I see him coming from afar off—it is by no means dark yet."

Five, ten, twenty minutes—half an hour passed, and the hour hand of the ebony clock on the mantel travelled around to another hour, yet still the handsome laggard came not.

The woman on the couch, propped up by half a dozen pillows, could only control her impatience; the girl standing by the window, as immovable as a marble statue, was wrapped in her own thoughts. The darkness was now impenetrable. She did not turn around, but she had just returned the receipt and the papers. When he calls for it—that is, at the needful time—I am to pay twenty

and I will go forward a little and discover what had become of the object of their solicitude. We will not have to travel far, for on the outskirts of the hamlet we can readily discern two horsemen making their way through the huge snowdrifts. As the first glance, even in the waning light, we can see that foremost sitters is Clifford Carlisle, the original of the portrait on Mrs. Harrison's easel, and that the other is his colored valet.

As he advances nearer we can study him more closely. Handsome, beyond all doubt; Clifford Carlisle is, but there is much of the satanic beauty in the dark, finely chiseled features; the piercing black eyes looking out from under the straight brows, and the raven black clusters of hair, tossed back from the broad forehead. His chin is perfectly artistically before now had said so; so was the curl of the jetty, silky moustache—but they did not add that without it the entire expression of his faultlessly handsome face would have been completely changed. His admirers. His mouth in repose were just the expression that the artists were wont to paint upon the countenance of Satan himself, betraying recklessness, craft, a very temper, and all the devilishness of the smiling, sneering curl of the lip could convey.

But of his temper we are soon to become aware, for even as we take in every detail of his perfect face and faultless hair, a fierce imprecation bursts from his lips.

The black horse he is riding rears suddenly, terrified beyond all control at the dark trunk of a huge fallen oak, half buried in the snow, and in less than a moment he is galloping, and suddenly about, throwing his rider in a huge drift, and was rearing and plunging madly about in another and higher snow-bank scarcely a rod ahead.

With the fury of a veritable demon, Clifford Carlisle scrambled to his feet, and the volley of curses, loud and ringing, that fell from his lips was horrible to hear. In an instant he had snatched something from his breast pocket; there was a report simultaneous with a streak of lurid fire, and when the smoke cleared away Sambo saw the horse that his master had so lately ridden lying still and lifeless in the huge drift. Black Heron would never respond to his call again.

"The horse is fast, certainly, but a steed or animal, that opposes me," said the master, coolly replacing his weapon to his breast pocket, adding in the next breath: "Get down; I'll ride the mare; you can trudge along behind."

"Yes, master," the valet, scrambling with alacrity from the saddle, knee deep in the snow, "but I've got to tell you that—that—"

"What?" "What?" thundered Clifford Carlisle, frightened, terrified fellow, toward the frightened, puny man, who had just finished our journey."

"I was badly feared lest you might get ragged, an' give her the lash, sah, an'—an' she am—she am—gentle an' lamb-like, jest like a—double little kitten, an' I loves Ladybird so."

"Confound it!" cut in Carlisle harshly, without heeding the other's incoherent words, "of course there is no blacksmith's place here, and I need a new horse in a dilemma of this kind."

"I think there am, sah!" declared Sambo, hastily. "I see 'sh' I saw one jes' as we turned into this road."

"Lead the way and I'll follow, riding Ladybird," commanded Clifford, and, raging at every step over his ill luck in coming on horseback instead of waiting for the stage, he at last found himself standing before the closed door of a blacksmith's shop.

"Hello, there!" he called out loudly and sharply. "This way, smithy—make haste, I say!"

In answer to his call the wide door swung open, and instead of the grimy horse-shoer who he expected to see, he found in the full red glare of the forge, a young girl.

And the picture, as he saw her standing thus, never left him in all the long years of his after life.

(To be continued.)

PALES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAIN OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of PILES in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

THROWN OUT OF HOTEL.
Young Man at Aurora Left Lying on Walk With Broken Leg.

Aurora, Feb. 24.—A serious affair took place at the Queens Hotel on Saturday afternoon. A young man, Thomas Ferguson, was ejected by the proprietor, and the young man lay on the sidewalk, the fracture extending into the ankle joint. He was lying lying in the cold on the sidewalk for nearly half an hour, without anything being done by the proprietor to remove him. He was taken to the hospital, where he is now recovering.

BLUEJACKETS AT ST. JOHN.
Arrival of a Detachment to Cross the Continent.

St. John, N. B., Feb. 24.—On the C. P. R. steamer Lake Manitoba, which arrived to-day from Liverpool, came a detachment of 170 bluejackets, bound for service on the St. Egeria at Esquimaut, on the Pacific.

A home-going detachment from the Esperia will be here to take passage on the Lake Manitoba on her return voyage. Those arriving to-day were forwarded west by special train.

Chronic Catarrh Cured by "THE HOUSEHOLD SURGEON."
Druggists refund money if DR. FORTER'S ANTI-SEPTIC HEMALOID fails.

CHURCH TOOK HIS HOME.
Why Italian Anarchist Killed his Priest at Denver.

Denver, Feb. 24.—The police have come to the conclusion after an examination of letters found in the room of the slayer of Father Leo Heinrich that the man is Giuseppe Aliou, a Sicilian Anarchist. Aliou, who has been sent from Denver to the jail at Colorado Springs, because of the threats of the crowds about the building where he was confined here, says he was moved to kill the priest by the ringing of the church bells, which reminded him of his home in Sicily, which home, he said, had been wrested from him by the Church.

No License Reduction at Whitley.
Whitley, Feb. 24.—A move by the Whitley C. C. T. U. to reduce the hotel licenses from four to three was adversely acted on by the Town Council at a special meeting here to-night

AT R. McKAY & CO'S, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 26th, 1908

Only Four More Days of the

Great February Sale

Only four more days left of this splendid sale, and we intend making them whirl with the greatest of bargains. The new spring goods are pouring in upon us from every section of the globe, and it's just a case of room-making, and we need it badly. The reductions are enormous. You will find everything priced to your liking, and don't forget the store has put on a springlike appearance with the new spring styles. You will find them here and there all over the store, many of which are taking part in this splendid sale. READ.

Great Clearing Sale of Allovers and Embroideries 29c
20 cartons of All-Overs, dainty embroidered designs on fine cambric or Swiss, 20 inches wide, suitable for children's dresses, yokes, etc., regular 50c, on sale 29c yard

Embroidered Allovers 39c Yard
10 cartons of Beautiful All-Overs, 20 to 22 inches wide, embroidered in dainty eyelet and shadow designs, on fine Swiss and cambric, suitable for shirt waist or fronts, regular 60 and 75c yard, on sale 39c

Fine Valenciennes Laces 25c Dozen Yards
Imported Valenciennes Laces, half to one inch in width, dainty designs, also insertions to match, regular 3 and 4c yard, on sale 25c dozen yards

Valenciennes and Torchon Laces 8c Yard
5,000 yards of fine Nottingham Laces, 2 to 4 inches wide, dainty floral designs, come in round thread, Valenciennes and Torchons, suitable for flouncings on underskirts, regular 10 and 15c yard, on sale 8c yard

New Veilings 25c Yard
50 pieces of Veilings in plain Chiffons, also with spots. Fine fish nets, with small and large chenille spots, come in navy, brown, greens, greys, tans, black, white, self spots or combinations, regular 40 and 50c yard, on sale 25c

New Mechlins and Chiffons 25c Yard
100 pieces of double fold Mechlins and Silk Chiffons, in browns, navies, greys, greens, Alice hues, carmelis, Tuscan, whites and blacks, regular 40 and 50c yard, on sale 25c yd.

Dainty Embroidered Linen Collars 25c
All the latest novelties in Ladies' Linen Collars, daintily embroidered in eyelet designs, also hemstitched edge, all sizes, 12, 12½, 13, 13½, 14, and 14½; very special 25c

Special Values for Wednesday
Irish Linen Blouse Lengths \$2.50
50 Irish Hand Embroidered Blouse Lengths, warranted pure linen and all hand work, dainty patterns, worth \$3.75, for \$2.50

Linen Cambric
Pure Linen Cambric, fine close weaves for shirt waists and suits, 40, 50, 65, 75c \$1.00 yard

Napkins
75 dozen Old Napkins, ½ size, 72-inch Bleached Damask, fine satin finish, slightly imperfect—Regular \$1.75, for \$1.00 yard
Regularly \$2.50, for 12½c

Toilet Covers 69c
Swiss Tambour Toilet Covers, dainty patterns, regular \$1.00 quality 69c

Flannellette 12½c
36-inch Striped Flannellette, soft, warm finish, full yard wide, worth 15c, for 12½c

Table Cloths 89c
Damask Table Cloth, 14 yards square, pure linen, splendid quality, worth \$1.50, for 89c

Final Sale of Fur-Lined Coats and Capes
Fur-Lined Capes \$12.95
Fur-Lined Coats \$29.50

Chiffon Broadcloth Capes, lined with excellent quality fine fur, black Tulle collar, also trimmed with fur to match collar; very full ripple cape, three-quarter length. These Capes are worth \$22.50. We have only three. Secure one early at \$12.95

Chiffon Broadcloth, lined with excellent quality fine fur, Hanpeter lining; Japanese mink collar and revers. These coats are 48 inches long, and are very stylish garments. Quantity is limited. Regular value \$32.50, clearing at \$29.50

COMMISSIONS FOR M'GILL.
British War Office Approves of Military Course of University.

Montreal, Feb. 24.—The British War Office has just set the seal of its approval on the military course inaugurated by McGill at the opening of its present session, according to a despatch received by the university authorities, and the university corps is now on the list of those to which commissions in the British army are allotted. Graduates in the McGill course are eligible for rank in any branch of the service with the exception of the artillery, for which special training is required.

This is a privilege accorded to only one military educational institution in Canada, the Royal Military College at Kingston.

GAVE BOY LIQUOR.
Fingal Farmer, Who Was Cause of Injuries, Fined \$43.

St. Thomas, Ont., Feb. 24.—John Ferguson, farmer of Fingal, who gave liquor to Clarence W. Mattia, the 18-year-old boy, who was killed by a hired to drive him home to Fingal, with the result that the lad fell off the cutter and lost one foot and several fingers by frostbite, came before Magistrate Hunt to-day. The evidence disclosed that Ferguson was intoxicated when he gave the liquor to the lad.

Owing to the deplorable condition of the defendant's family, the magister fined Ferguson only \$30 and \$13 costs.

It is understood now that a civil action for damages will be commenced against Ferguson.

BISHOPS ABOVE CIVIL LAW.
Bishop of Chicoutimi Refuses to Produce Document Demanded in Suit.

Chicoutimi, Que., Feb. 24.—That Roman Catholic bishops are above the civil law of the country was the assertion of the defendant in the case of Bishop Latreucque, of this diocese. His Lordship refused to obey the judgment of the Superior Court claiming that as a bishop he was head of an ecclesiastical court and beyond the jurisdiction of civil law.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
Niagara Falls, New York—9:30 a. m., *9:37 a. m., 7:20 a. m., 7:40 a. m., 7:50 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 8:10 a. m., 8:20 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 8:40 a. m., 8:50 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:10 a. m., 9:20 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 9:40 a. m., 9:50 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:10 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 10:50 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 11:10 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:10 p. m., 12:20 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 12:40 p. m., 12:50 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:10 p. m., 1:20 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:40 p. m., 1:50 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:10 p. m., 2:20 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 2:40 p. m., 2:50 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:10 p. m., 3:20 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 3:40 p. m., 3:50 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:10 p. m., 4:20 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 4:50 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 5:20 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 5:40 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:10 p. m., 6:20 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 6:40 p. m., 6:50 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:10 p. m., 7:20 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 7:40 p. m., 7:50 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:10 p. m., 8:20 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 8:40 p. m., 8:50 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:10 p. m., 9:20 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 9:40 p. m., 9:50 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:10 p. m., 10:20 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 10:40 p. m., 10:50 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:10 p. m., 11:20 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 11:40 p. m., 11:50 p. m., 12:00 a. m., 12:10 a. m., 12:20 a. m., 12:30 a. m., 12:40 a. m., 12:50 a. m., 1:00 a. m., 1:10 a. m., 1:20 a. m., 1:30 a. m., 1:40 a. m., 1:50 a. m., 2:00 a. m., 2:10 a. m., 2:20 a. m., 2:30 a. m., 2:40 a. m., 2:50 a. m., 3:00 a. m., 3:10 a. m., 3:20 a. m., 3:30 a. m., 3:40 a. m., 3:50 a. m., 4:00 a. m., 4:10 a. m., 4:20 a. m., 4:30 a. m., 4:40 a. m., 4:50 a. m., 5:00 a. m., 5:10 a. m., 5:20 a. m., 5:30 a. m., 5:40 a. m., 5:50 a. m., 6:00 a. m., 6:10 a. m., 6:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., 6:40 a. m., 6:50 a. m., 7:00 a. m., 7:10 a. m., 7:20 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 7:40 a. m., 7:50 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 8:10 a. m., 8:20 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 8:40 a. m., 8:50 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:10 a. m., 9:20 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 9:40 a. m., 9:50 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:10 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 10:50 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 11:10 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:10 p. m., 12:20 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 12:40 p. m., 12:50 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:10 p. m., 1:20 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:40 p. m., 1:50 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:10 p. m., 2:20 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 2:40 p. m., 2:50 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:10 p. m., 3:20 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 3:40 p. m., 3:50 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:10 p. m., 4:20 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 4:50 p. m., 5:00 p. m., 5:10 p. m., 5:20 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 5:40 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 6:10 p. m., 6:20 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 6:40 p. m., 6:50 p. m., 7:00 p. m., 7:10 p. m., 7:20 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 7:40 p. m., 7:50 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 8:10 p. m., 8:20 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 8:40 p. m., 8:50 p. m., 9:00 p. m., 9:10 p. m., 9:20 p. m., 9:30 p. m., 9:40 p. m., 9:50 p. m., 10:00 p. m., 10:10 p. m., 10:20 p. m., 10:30 p. m., 10:40 p. m., 10:50 p. m., 11:00 p. m., 11:10 p. m., 11:20 p. m., 11:30 p. m., 11:40 p. m., 11:50 p. m., 12:00 a. m., 12:10 a. m., 12:20 a. m., 12:30 a. m., 12:40 a. m., 12:50 a. m., 1:00 a. m., 1:10 a. m., 1:20 a. m., 1:30 a. m., 1:40 a. m., 1:50 a. m., 2:00 a. m., 2:10 a. m., 2:20 a. m., 2:30 a. m., 2:40 a. m., 2:50 a. m., 3:00 a. m., 3:10 a. m., 3:20 a. m., 3:30 a. m., 3:40 a. m., 3:50 a. m., 4:00 a. m., 4:10 a. m., 4:20 a. m., 4:30 a. m., 4:40 a. m., 4:50 a. m., 5:00 a. m., 5:10 a. m., 5:20 a. m., 5:30 a. m., 5:40 a. m., 5:50 a. m., 6:00 a. m., 6:10 a. m., 6:20 a. m., 6:30 a. m., 6:40 a. m., 6:50 a. m., 7:00 a. m., 7:10 a. m., 7:20 a. m., 7:30 a. m., 7:40 a. m., 7:50 a. m., 8:00 a. m., 8:10 a. m., 8:20 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 8:40 a. m., 8:50 a. m., 9:00 a. m., 9:10 a. m., 9:20 a. m., 9:30 a. m., 9:40 a. m., 9:50 a. m., 10:00 a. m., 10:10 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 10:40 a. m., 10:50 a. m., 11:00 a. m., 11:10 a. m., 11:20 a. m., 11:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 12:00 p. m., 12:10 p. m., 12:20 p. m., 12:30 p. m., 12:40 p. m., 12:50 p. m., 1:00 p. m., 1:10 p. m., 1:20 p. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:40 p. m., 1:50 p. m., 2:00 p. m., 2:10 p. m., 2:20 p. m., 2:30 p. m., 2:40 p. m., 2:50 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 3:10 p. m., 3:20 p. m., 3:30 p. m., 3:40 p. m., 3:50 p. m., 4:00 p. m., 4:10 p. m., 4:20 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 4:40 p. m., 4:50 p. m